

# the sea-mans song of Dansekar the Dutch-man, his

Robb. ries done at Sea,

To the same tune,

40



Sing we Sea-men now and than,  
Of Dansekar the Dutch-man,  
whose gallant mind hath won him much renown.  
To live on Land he counts it base.  
But seeks to purchase greater grace.  
by roving on the Ocean up and down,

His heart is so aspiring,  
That now his chief desiring,  
is for to win himself a worthy name,  
The Land hath far too little ground,  
The Sea is of a larger bound,  
and of a greater dignity and fame.

How many a worthy Gallant,  
Of courage was most valiant,  
with him have put their fortunes to the Sea.  
All the world about have heard,  
Of Dansekar and English VVard,  
and of their proud adventures every day.

There is not any Kingdom,  
In Turkey or in Chrinendome,  
but by these Pyrates have received losse,  
Merchant men of every Land,  
Do deeply in great danger stand,  
and much do fear the Ocean Main to crosse,

make children fatherlesse,  
Widowes in distresse.  
In shedding blood they take too much delight.  
For they bereave of Sons,  
Lamenting neither cries nor moans.  
so much they joy to see a bloody fight.

They count it gallant hearing,  
To hear the Cannons roaring,  
and Musket-shot to rattle in the sky.

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Their glories would be at the highest,  
To fight against the foes of Christ.  
and such as do our Christian faith deny,

But their cursed Villanies,  
And their bloody Pyracies,  
are chiefly bent against our Christian friends,  
Some Christians so delight in evils,  
That they become the sons of Devils,  
and for the same have many shameful ends.

England suffers danger,  
As well as any stranger,  
Nations are alike unto this company,  
Many English Merchant-men,  
And of London now and then,  
have tasted of their vil'd extremity

Brave Londons Elizabeth,  
Of late these Robbers taken have.  
a Ship well laden with rich Merchandize,  
The nimble Pearl and Charity,  
All Ships of gallant bravery,  
are by these Pyrates made a lawfull prize.

The Trojan of London,  
With other ships many a one,  
hath stooped sapl and yielded out of hand,  
These Pyrates they have shed their bloods,  
And the Turks have bought their goods,  
being all too weak their power to with-stand.

Of Hull the Bonabenter,  
Which was a great frequenter,  
and passer of the Straits to Barbary,  
Both ship and men late taken were,  
By Pyrates, VVard and Dansekar,  
and brought by them into Captivity.

English VVard and Dansekar,  
Begin greatly now to jar,  
about dividing of their gotten goods,  
Both Ships and Souldiers gather head,  
Dansekar from VVard is fled,  
so full of pride and malice are their bloods.

VVard doth only promise,  
To keep about rich Tunis,  
and be Commander of those Turkish Seas,  
But valiant Dutch-land Dansekar,  
Doth hover near unto Argier.  
and their his threatening colours now displays

These Pyrates now divided,  
By God is sure provided,  
in secret for to work each others too,  
Such wicked courses cannot stand,  
The Devil thus puts in his hand.  
and God will give them soon an overthrow.

FINIS

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Ballad,  
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